

T H E

Hammersmith GARLAND;

Beautified with several merry

N E W S O N G S.

1. The jolly Painter of *Hammersmith*.
2. The Bugle Horn.
3. The Merchant's youngest Son's Courtship to fair *Susan*.
4. The Country 'Squire's Courtship to the Cutler's fair Daughter.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The *HammerSmith* GARLAND.

The jolly Painter of  HammerSmith.

A Jolly brisk Painter from *HammerSmith* came,
 To hear what News was in the Town,
 He met with a fair Maid by the Way,
 He ask'd if he should lay her down.
 Upon the Bench it was near the Goat,
 The young Man made free with her Petticoat,
 And you shall hear of most excellent Sport.

The Cream of the Jest I mean to declare,
 When he began with his Brush to work,
 It was a comely Sight for to see,
 When he with his Brush gave such a Jirk:
 The Bench it fell down, and he follow'd after,
 Some Body came by, and burst into Laughter;
 Zooks, said the Maid, *you've crack't my Refresher.*

The Place it was dirty where they fell in,
 And all bedaub'd this Couple were:
 Somebody came by that knew them full well,
 And said, *My brave Boy be of good Cheer,*
Although the Constable is hard by,
You need not fear since I am so nigh,
 Zooks, said the Constable, *Sirrah, you lie.*

Before

Before the Justice then he was brought,
 There to answer for what he'd done,
*I catch'd him with Madam, the Constable said,
 Just in the Height of all their Fun;*
*I bid him go away, but he did swear,
 And told me I had no Business there,
 And a Fig for me he did not care.*

Come tell to me the Justice said,
 Come tell to me most speedily,
 What Manner of Living you have,
 Or else a Soldier you must be,
 For you are a young Man stout and tall,
 And able to stand by a Cannon Ball,
 So may be preferr'd Sir, withal.

*I am a Painter, the young Man he said,
 To use my Brush I thought no Harm,
 I painted something for the young Maid,
 Thinking it might your Worship charm:*
*I painted her Veins when down she was laid,
 I took this Pains because she was a Maid,
 And to tell you the Truth I'm not afraid.*

It is my Maid I plainly see,
 And you have wrought her Overthrow,
 But if the Maid and you can agree,
 Then about your Business you may go;
 But if you had not a Painter been,
 You must have gone and serv'd the King,
 Now you may go and merrily sing.

*So take your Pencils, and your Ruler,
 Likewise your Compasses and your Tools,
 But have a Care you pimping Fool.*

The

The BUGLE Horn.

I'LL sing you a Song concerning of one,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 She is the fairest Creature that's under the Sun,
With my Falderal, Falderal, Falderaderal, Faldera.

The Hair of her Head is like the Ravens Feather,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 And her Skin is like the new tann'd Leather,
With my Falderal, &c.

She has two Eyes like two Cannon Balls,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 And her Eyebrows are nothing but Thistles and Thorns,
With my Falderal, &c.

She has a long Nose, and a long Chin,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 She has a wide Mouth that a Ship may sail in,
With my Falderal, &c.

She has two Breasts like two Bushel Bags,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 And her Cloaths they are nothing but Rags and Jags,
With my Falderal, &c.

She has two Hands like two Frying-pans,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 And the Nails of her Fingers are nine Inches long,
With my Falderal, &c.

She has two Hips like two Merchant Ships,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 She has Wind in her Tail, will set them all a Sail,
With my Falderal, &c.

She

She has two bandy Legs, and splay Feet,
 See how she reels the *Bugle Horn*,
 She was stolen out of Hell, when the De'il was asleep,
With my Falderal, Falderal, Falderaderal, Falderal.



*The Merchant's youngest Son's Courtship to
 fair Susan.*

A Merchant's youngest Son
 Courted fair *Susan*,
 Thoughts in his Mind did run,
 As he lay musing;
Cupid, that crafty Lad,
 Taught him his Duty,
 Although she no Portion had,
 But a charming Beauty.

Come to my Chamber Door,
 Dearest don't deny me,
 Thou shall not suffer wrong,
 Nor Grief attend thee,
 I will rush into the Throng,
 Dearest to delight thee.

Had I but Gold great Store,
 Dearest to delight thee,
 Because that I am poor,
 Your Parents they will slight me;

Por-

Portion or none, my Dear,
 For my past Anguish,
 One tender Smile allow,
 Why should I languish?

Its only you I do adore,
 Sweet *Susan* try me,
 Although that you are poor,
 I never will deny thee;
 If you will grant my Request,
 My Joys for to restore,
 Then happy should I be,
 And love you evermore.

She hearing him say so,
 Cry'd, my dearest Jewel,
 Men are false you know,
 And often do prove cruel;
 You may court me for a while,
 All to deceive me;
 When you my Heart have won,
 Then you'll go and leave me.

If ever I prove false to thee,
 May divine Powers
 Some Judgements send on me,
 That I may be devour'd:
 I will court thee for a while,
 Never to deceive thee,
 And when thy Heart I have won,
 I'll never go and leave thee.

So *Susan* ease my Pain,
 Now is the Time or never,
 If you will not marry me,
 I shall be lost for ever.
 She hearing him say so,
 Straight she fell a Crying,
 How can I so cruel be,
 To one that lies a dying?

Rise *Johnny*, then she said,
 May kind Heaven guide thee,
 And To-morrow we will wed,
 Whatever does betide me.
 According to the Words she spoke,
 He no more stood musing;
 But the next Day he married was,
 Unto his fairest *Susan*.

*The 'Squire's Courtship to the Cutler's fair
 Daughter.*

IN the Heat of Summer's Weather,
 When *Flora* shot forth her Beams,
 A brisk young Gallant with Hat and Feather,
 Up to the City of *London* he came.
 Much Gold he carry'd, whilst he tarried,
 On a Damsel he cast an Eye:

So

Her

Her Name was *Nancy*, she pleased his Fancy,
A Cutlers Daughter that liv'd hard by,

And having cast his Eyes upon her,
He did to her these Words unfold :

O *Nancy*, *Nancy*, oblige my Fancy,
And I will give thee a Chain of Gold,

Or any Thing that you do require,
So that my am'rous Girl proves but kind;
And Rings and Jewels, and rich Attire,
So that my Dearest prove but kind.

'Tis not your Gold, nor yet your Silver,
That ever shall entice me so,
I'll keep myself in an honest Station,
And you shall ne'er debauch me so.

Altho' I am but a Cutler's Daughter,
I think myself aa good, she cry'd,
As those that make their whole Attire,
Who kiss for Gold, and in Coaches ride,

Oh ! I have been in *Spain* and *Flanders*,
And twice have I been at the *Baltick* Shore,
In *Spain* and *Flanders*, amongst Commanders,
And never heard the like before.

For Youth and Beauty, it is my Duty,
For to yield for Charms of Love;
I like your Carriage, I'll join in Marriage,
And never will your Ruin prove.

F I N I S.